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THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

WITH SCHEDIASM
BY THE
AUTHOR



Camp

OUR COAT-OF-ARMS

ARMS { "Sable, a chevron between three griffins' heads erased
or, (another argent.)"

CREST { "A griffin's head erased, ducally gorged and holding
in the mouth a branch of laurel, all proper."

According to Burke,
"Encyclopaedia of Heraldry", 1851.

George Lee Camp

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G. H. Camp

11/11/44

DONE AT THE CITY OF SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI, IN THE YEAR OF OUR
LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT, AND OF THE
INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SECOND.

INTRODUCTION

TO MY MOTHER

*She toiled, and toiled unflinchingly, always hiding her
trials and tribulations under the cover of a smile.*

*Her children can never pay their
indebtedness to her.*

INTRODUCTION

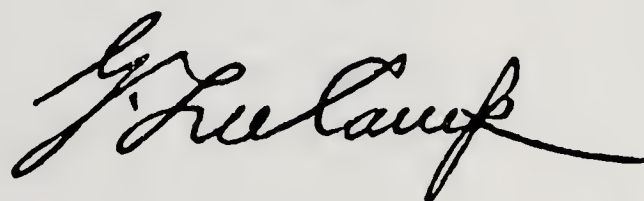
A CHARACTERISTIC of life, it seems to me, is the casting off of the old and the taking on of the new. With this fact of human existence I have no quarrel. Content am I that I was relieved of many of the pioneering hardships of my forbears, although my memory records trials and tribulations in my own development and career. Happy am I in viewing the fact that my children were spared the hardships that I endured. And pleased will I be in the knowledge that the diligence I have practiced, coupled with the progress of life, will give to their children more abundant lives.

It is my hope that those in my family who come after me will be interested, at least to some degree, in their ancestry, just as I have been. For their interest and pleasure, and at no little expense in time, effort, and money, have I prepared this volume. An even dozen copies will be printed so that each of my children, together with my living sisters and brothers, will receive a copy.

This volume contains the results of my investigation of the written records of the genealogy of the Camp Family in America. My sources in their authenticity are unquestioned. I have added to my setting down of the parts of our family genealogy personal experiences from my own life. These

autobiographical smatterings frequently consist of no more than simple happenings in my childhood. It is intended that they give to the whole work a personal touch, a slight insight into life in America in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century. These little personal anecdotes will serve the coming members of the Camp Family as material to be compared, or contrasted, as the case may be, with the experiences of life in their own day.

I have set aside the last few pages of the book in which to expose some of my personal philosophy, deductions, as it were, pertaining to health, government, religion, and the choice of companions. I hope these latter paragraphs will stand as characteristic thoughts of a member of the Camp Family.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "G. H. Camp". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page.

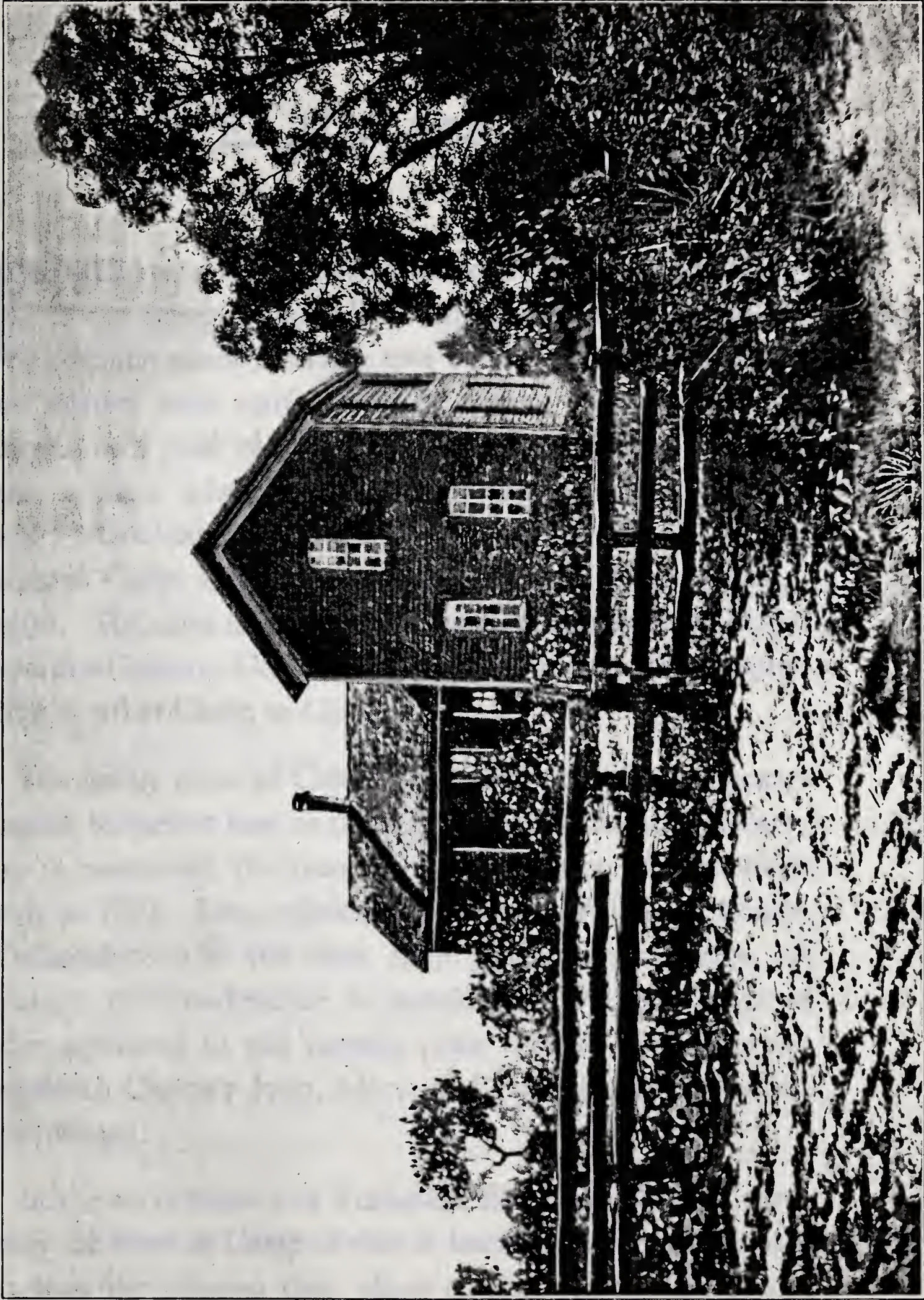
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“VERITAS VERA NOBILITAS”

“Truth is true nobility.”



THE OLD HOMESTEAD, HOMER TOWNSHIP, MIDLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN,—1905.

OUR EARLY ANCESTRY

THERE are several reasonable explanations for the origin of our family name, all hinting at a derivation from the common noun referring to a place or location, probably where soldiers were stationed or encamped. The word camp appears to be a good, old English word. From Roman influence (castra—a place where soldiers are quartered) names such as Chester, Manchester, Chesterfield, Winchester result. Saxon, or perhaps Gallic influence, rendered the name Kampe, Kamp, Kemp(e). The name is also found at various times spelled Campa, Campe, and Campo. Generally, at least in America, the accepted spelling is either Camp or Campe.

The family name of Camp, with varying spellings, appears in English history at least as far back as the Thirteenth Century. There is mentioned the name of Felicia Campo of Cambridge as early as 1273. Later reference is made to William de Kampe of Oxfordshire. In the year 1379 Johannes de Kampe, or de Campe, of Howdenshire, is mentioned. William Campe of London appeared in the records prior to 1584, while in the Seventeenth Century John, Mary, and Anne Camp of London are mentioned.

In the early history of Yorkshire, Essex, and Suffolk, there appears the name of Camp as that of landed gentry and yeoman. That they contributed their share to the wealth, honor, and

growth of England there can be little question. Particularly is this assuring when their offsprings in early America are considered. For posterity to emulate, the early American Camps left a record saturated with the characteristics of ambition, industry, energy, integrity, piety, perseverance, fortitude, patience, loyalty, and courage. Who will deny that these qualities were inherited?

With pride can we look back at our ancestry in this country. Since the earliest time members of our family, as occasion required, have fought for this country in which we live.

I am against war, and it is my prayer America shall never engage in another. But our family history records that when our country needs us, a Camp will fight. That they may be prepared to serve their country my three sons are now, as students, receiving their military training.

As far as I can learn, all the Camps in this country have an ancestry traceable to England, with one exception. That exception was Johannes Van Campen, a settler in the Passaic Valley, New Jersey, some time prior to 1737. He was said to have been of Dutch origin. His name later appeared as John Camp, or Campe.

The perusal and study of sources do not disclose from which of the illustrious lines in England came the first immigrant in America, but it can be reasonably assumed that all of the Camps, at least those of English descendency, are of common ancestry.

LIVES OF THE CAMPS IN AMERICA

THE first one of our family to set foot on American soil was Edward Camp, as far as history and our genealogy records. Edward, together with his wife, and his cousin Nicholas and Nicholas' wife, Sarah, were members of the expedition of Sir Richard Saltonstall that landed at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1630.

With their families, nine years later, Edward and Nicholas left Salem to become first settlers of Milford, Connecticut. Nicholas' wife died September 6, 1645. It is recorded that she was the first white person to die in Milford.

Edward migrated to America from Nazeing, a small community in Essex, about twenty miles from London. It is reported William Camp, the father of Edward, was born in Nazeing about 1560 and died in 1603. According to the town register Edward was baptized there in 1603. I have been told the old Camp house in Nazeing still stands, and although several men connected with our London office live in the vicinity, and I have been in London on several occasions, I have never had the time to visit Nazeing. I have, however, visited the old Camp house, built in 1639, in Milford, Connecticut, where I also saw the Johnathon Camp house. Nearly three hundred years old, these sturdy houses, the handiwork of those pioneering settlers, still stand, and in a remarkable state of preservation.

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

Although the Nicholas Camp family settled in Milford, it is interesting to note not a single person by the name of Camp has been known to live there during the past fifty years.

On the same ship with Edward and Nicholas Camp and their wives, came John and William Curtis, to whom they were related by marriage, and Nicholas' brother-in-law, John Elliott, who later was noted for his work as an apostle to the Indians.

Records indicate Edward left Milford with his family, with the early settlers of New Haven, and, as a consequence, has been referred to as Edward of New Haven, and also Edward I. It is evident our branch of the family descended from Edward.

He was in residence in New Haven prior to the year 1643 for on the sixth of September of that year he was fined by the general court of the colony in the amount of one shilling 'for coming late the last training day.' The name of Edward Camp also appears in the list of persons who, on July 1, 1644, took the oath of allegiance to the Colony of New Haven.

There appeared in the record of the Town of New Haven the statement that on May 6, 1650, Edward Camp, in behalf of himself and four others asked for a grant of twenty acres of land apiece 'at a place called Chestnutt Hill,' about four miles from town. The grant was allowed on the condition the land would be fenced within one year, improved for cultivation and the regular rates charged against it be paid.

The inventory of his estate was taken on September 22, 1659, indicating Edward died prior to that date.

In 1889, a memorial bridge was dedicated in Milford, Connecticut, to the memory of the early settlers. Stone number twenty-two in the bridge bears the name Nicholas Camp, Sarah, his wife. Nathan C. Pond, in his book (1889), concerning the bridge, wrote:

"It is not known when he died. Lambert says in 1706, but that was his son Nicholas, as a computation from the grave-stone will show. Some of his descendents are on the original house lot to this date. Others left Milford and were early settlers in many towns. From them have sprung many influential men. William S. Camp, Esquire, Manager of a New York Clearing House, comes from the Durham branch. Ellory Camp of New Haven gave the stone."

William S. Camp, mentioned above, descended from Edward Camp, the New Haven settler.

LINEAGE OF CAMP FAMILY IN AMERICA

I. EDWARD CAMP of New Haven

Married Mary Hine

Children: Samuel—1648

Mercy

Edward

Mary

Sarah

Mehitable

II. LIEUTENANT SAMUEL CAMP

Born—1648

Married (1) Hannah Betts of Norwalk, November 13, 1672

Born November 12, 1652

Died January 24, 1680

Married (2) Mary Camp, probably daughter of William Camp
and Mary Smith, in 1682.

Born March 22, 1663

Died 1691

Married (3) Rebecca Atkinson Canfield, widow of Thos. Can-
field, April 28, 1695. Died March 28, 1710.

Samuel Born May 20, 1675

Hannah Born Jan. 31, 1677

Hephzibah Bapt., 1685

Enos Bapt. May 20, 1688

Joel Bapt. Feb. 14, 1691

Abigail Born Mar. 1, 1696

Hezekiah Born Mar. 25, 1700

Lemuel Born Oct. 4, 1701

Mary

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

III. SAMUEL CAMP

Born May 20, 1675

Died March 13, 1743

Married about 1700

Mary Baldwin

Died October 29, 1733

Children: Abigail

Mary

Hannah

Samuel

Sarah

Jonathan Born Dec. 17, 1702

Gideon

IV. JONATHAN CAMP

Born December 17, 1702

Died August 20, 1768

Married

Ann Platt

Born 1710

Died Nov. 5, 1749

Children: Jonathan

Richard

Abraham

Isaac

Sarah

Esther

Mary

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

V. ISAAC CAMP

Born 1743

Married Sept. 17, 1769

Rhoda Keeler

Born 1745

Children:	Isaac	Born	Nov. 2,	1770
	Rhoda	Born	Jan. 25,	1773
	Mary	Born	Sept. 10,	1775
	Elizabeth	Born	Jan. 2,	1778
	Hannah	Born		1780
	Seth Keeler	Born	Aug. 13,	1782
	Anna	Born	Jan. 27,	1785
	Abraham	Born	Nov. 4,	1787

VI. ISAAC CAMP

Born November 2, 1770

Married December 21, 1788

Elizabeth Nash of Darien

Children:	David Nash	.	.	Born	Dec. 19,	1789
	Susanna Keeler	.	.	Born	July 28,	1791
	Jacob	.	.	Born	June 10,	1793
	Cyrus Talmage	.	.	Born	May 16,	1795
	Anna Elizabeth	.	.	Born	May 21,	1797
	Mary Anne	.	.	Born		1800
	William Edward	.	.	Born		1802
	Charles Lorenzo	.	.	Born		1805
	Rachel Loretto	.	.	Born		1805
	Seth Keeler	.	.	Born		1809
	Sally	
	Susan	

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

VII. CYRUS TALMAGE CAMP

Born 1795

Died 1876

Married (1) Amaret Cook

Born 1805

Died 1837

Married (2) Dehla Fobes Camp

Children: Issue of Cyrus Talmage Camp and Amaret Cook Camp

Mary Palmer · Born 1826

Cyrus Talmage · Born 1828

Elizabeth Nash · Born 1832

Isaac Watts · · Born 1835

Children: Issue of Cyrus Talmage Camp and Dehla Fobes Camp

Amaret Fobes · Born 1840

William Edward · Born 1843

Charles David · Born 1844

Rachel Lucinda · Born 1846

George Roberts · Born April 7, 1848

Sarah Anne · · Born 1850

Laura Anne · · Born 1852

VIII. GEORGE ROBERTS CAMP

Born April 7, 1848

Died October 6, 1926

Married Cynthia Ann Hamilton June 10, 1873

Born June 9, 1855

Died Sept. 12, 1933

Children:

Henry Hamilton	Born	June 30, 1874
Cynthia Mabel	Born	Oct. 5, 1876
Laura May ·	Born	July 15, 1879
	Died	Feb. 11, 1918
George Lee ·	Born	June 11, 1882
Thomas Arthur	Born	June 28, 1887
Cyrus Talmage	Born	Dec. 9, 1891
Mary Elizabeth ·	Born	Jan. 10, 1896
Ernest Clifford	Born	Jan. 22, 1898

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

CYNTHIA ANN HAMILTON, daughter of
James Ricketts Hamilton

Born May 8, 1832

Died April 28, 1889

and

Julia Ann Warner Hamilton

Born Nov. 16, 1836

Died Mar. 31, 1866

Married April 20, 1854

Children: Cynthia Ann • Born June 9, 1855
Died Sept. 12, 1933
Thomas Martin • Born Mar. 23, 1857
Died Nov. 6, 1880
David Warner • Born Dec. 19, 1858
Died June 26, 1907
James Milton • Born Sept. 25, 1862

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

HENRY HAMILTON CAMP

Born June 30, 1874

Married September 12, 1897

Lucelia Frances Crandell

Children:	Alfa Mary Ann	• • •	Born	Jan.	5, 1900
			Died	Nov.	2, 1902
	Gladys Genevieve	• • •	Born	Oct.	7, 1902
	John Edward	• • •	Born	April	30, 1905
	Verna May	• • •	Born	July	6, 1908
	Viola Anneliza	• • •	Born	May	1, 1913
	Josephine Rosemarie	• • •	Born	May	25, 1919
			Died	June	28, 1919

CYNTHIA MABEL CAMP

Born October 5, 1876

Married September 20, 1898

Martin Luther Newman

Children:	Doris Mabel	• • •	Born	Oct.	17, 1899
	Laura Grace	• • •	Born	Jan.	3, 1902
			Died	Mar.	17, 1904
	Cynthia Ruth	• • •	Born	June	19, 1903
	Russell Luther	• • •	Born	Aug.	23, 1905
	Archie Lee	• • •	Born	April	2, 1908
	Marguerite Elizabeth	• • •	Born	May	13, 1912
	Roy Elden	• • •	Born	Oct.	24, 1914
			Died	Feb.	9, 1915
	Gertrude Mabel	• • •	Born	June	18, 1916
	Martin Luther	• • •	Born	Feb.	10, 1920

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

LAURA MAY CAMP

Born July 15, 1879

Died February 11, 1918

Married October 4, 1896

Walter Walsh

Children: Ethel May . . . Died Jan. 22, 1920

IX. GEORGE LEE CAMP

Born June 11, 1882

Married (1) August 27, 1907

Hazel B. Harper

Children: Lester Elmore . . . Born Oct. 28, 1911
Harper Lee . . . Born Oct. 24, 1915
Robert Donald . . . Born Dec. 15, 1922

Married (2) April 15, 1933

Mildred Brooks Dougherty

Children: Cynthia Lee . . . Born Aug. 13, 1934

THOMAS ARTHUR CAMP

Born June 28, 1887

Married January 15, 1913

Bernice Mae Owen

Died August 20, 1932

Children: Robert Owen . . . Born Jan. 31, 1915
Died Feb. 2, 1915
Rolland Thomas . . . Born Oct. 22, 1916
Archie Bernard . . . Born Mar. 7, 1918
Kenneth Arthur . . . Born May 8, 1925
Mary Lou . . . Born Feb. 14, 1930

Married September 30, 1933

Norma E. Siddall

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

CYRUS TALMAGE CAMP

Born December 9, 1891

Married August 12, 1922

Bertha Belle Horton

Children: Donald Cyrus · · · Born May 30, 1924
Ellen Louise · · · Born April 7, 1927

MARY ELIZABETH CAMP:

Born January 10, 1896

Married January 1, 1924

Malcom Dodge MacVicar

Children:

ERNEST CLIFFORD CAMP:

Born January 22, 1898

Married (1)

Lulu Mae Hubbell

Children: Clifford Irving Camp · · Born June 29, 1916

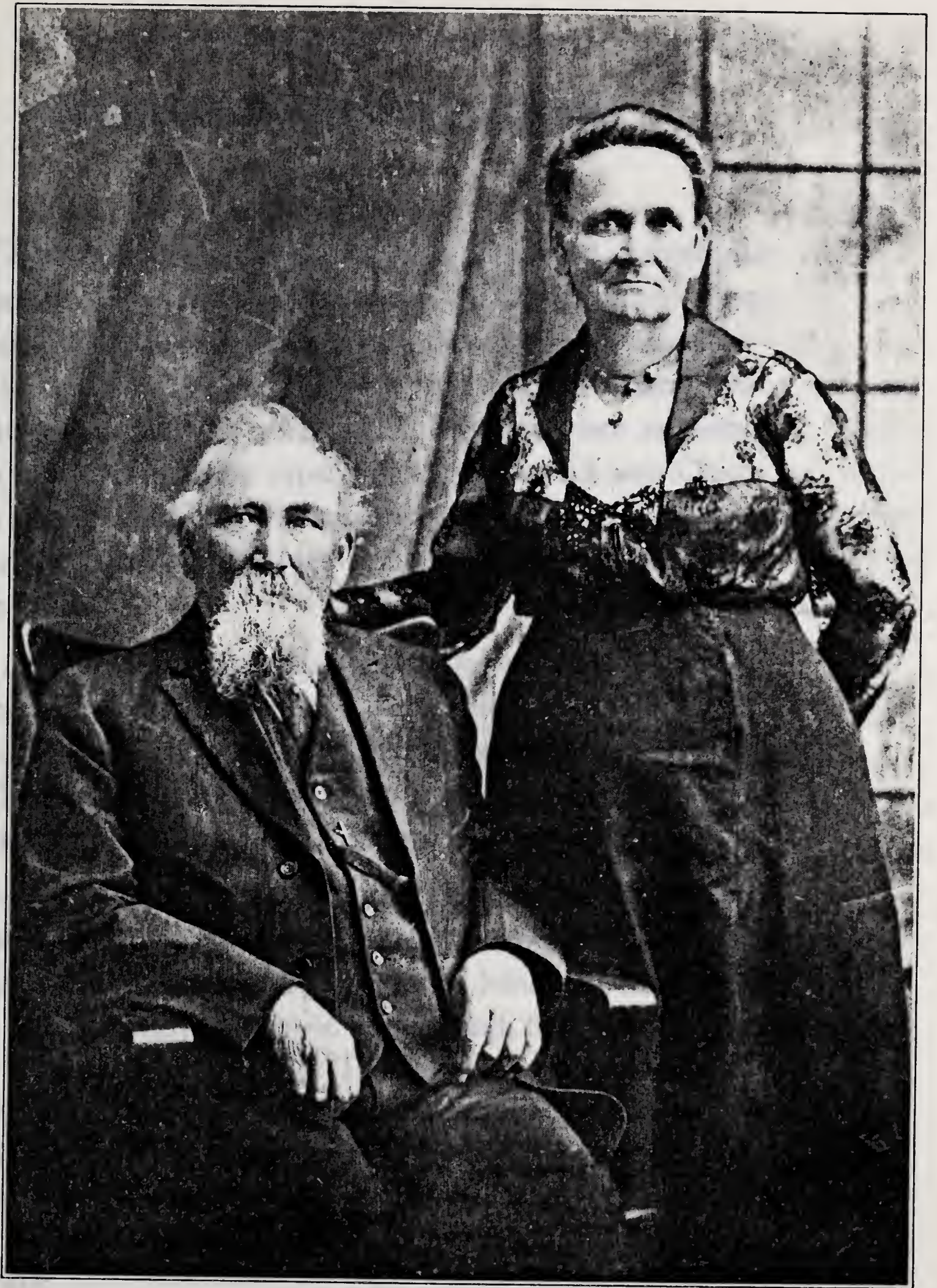
Married (2) December 22, 1933

Mrs. Hazel Delia Dundas Green

Children:



Camp



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ROBERTS CAMP

GEORGE ROBERTS CAMP

FATHER was born in 1848, at West Williamsfield, Ashtabula County, Ohio, and spent his early childhood there. One of the most important eras in American History was transpiring during his youth. He was thirteen years old when the Civil War broke out and his three older brothers were soldiers. William was among those repelling Morgan's raid into Ohio; Charles served three full enlistments during the war; Cyrus T., who went south early in life as a surveyor, joined the Confederate Forces.

A childhood ambition of his was to become a broom maker, and in early manhood he went to a factory in Adrian, Michigan, to learn the trade. On his return home he became acquainted with Cynthia Ann Hamilton, who lived just east of West Williamsfield, at Cherry Tree, Venango County, Pennsylvania.

They were married in 1873 and remained in Ohio until 1878 when, in company with a family composed of William Lee and his wife, Sarah, they moved to Midland, Michigan. During the two years they lived in Midland, father negotiated for the 144-acre farm in Homer Township situated in Midland County, five miles west and south of the town and near the Pine River. It was to this primeval place father took mother with three little children. At that time Henry was but six years old, Cynthia was four, and Laura, born in Midland, was a babe.

Why father took to farming has always been a mystery to me, for he was not a farmer by experience. Stern, determined and opinionated, certainly he was not influenced in taking a 144-acre place by others. He was much in the class of a jack-of-all-trades. He was handy with tools. Neither was the tract one that would have been especially selected for farming. As I remember it from my boyhood days, it would have compared favorably with General U. S. Grant's farm which he named Hard Scrabble. In some respects doubtless it was a worse place, although the sticky red clay and hardpan surface that Grant was forced to plough through must have been less productive. The sandy soil on father's farm, where it was cultivated, was at first quite productive, but the acreage put to the plow was comparatively small. We cultivated in spots where the clearing was most easily done. Tree stumps were always a bugbear. On the hills were the large pine trees, and the clearings were dotted with stumps that made us resort to cultivating with a hoe and the pulling of weeds by hand, because cultivating with horses, once the ploughing was done, was a difficult job. In the valleys where the hardwoods predominated the stumps rotted out more readily than those of the huge pines that had grown on the hills, and they were gradually removed.

Father built the house, the one-story section being completed in 1880. As time permitted and the family grew, the two-story section was added, but it never was actually finished during the time I lived there. I was the first child to be born there, with Arthur, Cyrus, Mary, and Ernest following in order.

With no thought of idealizing a parent, I must say all of us as children were greatly influenced by a certain sternness in father and his severe and definite attitude toward rearing a family. Sulking or talking back to him were never tolerated, and more than once did I suffer the consequence of crossing him. His respect for the Sabbath brought his opposition to the playing of baseball on Sunday, the pastime of youngsters in the neighborhood. Bad weather did not interfere with his regularity in attending church, and he insisted that the family accompany him, although he did make allowances for mother. Preparing the Sunday dinner and attending the youngest member of the family urged father's leniency as far as mother was concerned.

Father's religious devotions extended much beyond Sunday. It was the daily custom, instituted by him, to have a chapter of the Bible read every morning. He would read the first verse, mother would read the second, and then each of us, according to age, followed until the chapter was completed. This custom delayed our getting to the field and to our work, and on one occasion I proposed we have our religious hour in the evening, but father objected feeling one or more of us might be missing.

Stoic by nature, father never complained of his lot in life. Prior to his last lingering illness, father had but one serious sick spell. It occurred when I was about fifteen years old. He was taken down with typhoid malaria that left its mark on him during the remainder of his life. He continued, however, without a suggestion of discontent or a murmur, although unable to do the strenuous work of which he had been capable.

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

In 1901 he moved with mother to a tract of forty acres two miles from Midland, having traded the old home for it. It was about this time he was engaged by the Dow Chemical Company, where in his latter years he acted as a watchman. After a protracted and painful illness he died in October, 1926.

For a son to write of his mother is a quite difficult task. Her influence on her family, her painstaking watchfulness and care for her children, perhaps, may receive highest praise and appreciation in silence. In my own case I seem to discern her patience and consideration of others as her outstanding qualities. It is evident she was a hard worker to rear her family as she was forced to do, funds restricted to the income from the farm and father's wages from his occasional jobs. It is quite likely mother's ability to make the most of whatever she had at hand, her dexterity and domestic capabilities came naturally as the result of her childhood. Mother's mother died at the early age of thirty. In her latter years, with her children grown, mother's duties diminished as we were able to assist her financially. A winter spent in Florida with Henry before father was completely incapacitated, I am sure, was an extremely bright spot in her life, void of responsibilities and full of time for rest and pleasure.

After father's death mother remained on the farm near Midland until 1929 when she moved to Midland and later on to Ypsilanti, Michigan, where she lived with Mary until she died in September, 1933.



GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF FATHER AND MOTHER,—1923.
FRONT ROW, LEE, FATHER, MOTHER, MABEL AND CYRUS. BACK ROW, MARY AND ERNEST.

HENRY HAMILTON CAMP

first born of the marriage of

GEORGE ROBERTS CAMP AND CYNTHIA ANN HAMILTON

My earliest memory of Henry is his objection to my whistling. He contended I could not carry a tune, and while mother defended my efforts, he probably was correct, although I questioned in those early days whether he could play his harmonica as well as I could whistle.

Until he was about twenty-five years old he remained at home doing the usual work about the farm, as well as working in the lumber woods in the vicinity. He later farmed in Gratiot and in Clinton County, Michigan, and until he moved to Manville, Florida, in the winter of 1920-21 he engaged in stonework at Owosso, Michigan.

He is devoutly religious and lives a life of contentment. All of his living children are married, except Viola.

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE LEE CAMP

CYNTHIA MABEL CAMP

the second born

I remember Mabel for her patience. She was a modest worker, a regular attendant at church, and possessed a sweet and loving disposition. I have always felt she had the confidence and love of her parents to a greater degree than any of the other children. She has been a member of a church since she was fifteen years old.

With her husband and youngest son she now lives on the old home place in Midland Township, Midland County, Michigan.

LAURA MAY CAMP

the third born

Laura grew up with Mabel as a favorite of her father. She married at an early age, spending a great deal of her latter life in St. Paul from whence she moved in 1918 to Joplin, Missouri.

She died of burns accidentally received while engaged in housework and, with her daughter, Ethel May Walsh, is buried on the family lot at Midland, Michigan.

THOMAS ARTHUR CAMP

the fifth born of the marriage of

GEORGE ROBERTS CAMP AND CYNTHIA ANN HAMILTON

Obedience, patience, and his quiet nature are the characteristics of Arthur I shall always remember. His efforts when he was sixteen or seventeen years old in aiding to support the family must be mentioned with my highest compliment. He worked at the Dow plant in Midland ten hours a day, six days a week, walking to and from his work throughout a very severe winter, and added his entire earnings to the family budget, which were particularly needed at the time since Lewis Newman, Mabel's husband, was seriously ill and was being cared for at our home.

After his marriage he moved to Bellingham, Washington, but later returned to Midland where he engaged in photography with Cyrus. He and Cyrus now operate their galleries at Ypsilanti, Michigan.

CYRUS TALMAGE CAMP

the sixth born

His first camera was secured as a premium for selling Larkin household products. At the early age of seventeen, with father's help, he purchased Love's Photo Gallery in Midland, and except for the period when he attended Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Michigan, he has followed commercial photography. He is given credit for originating the use of trailers as moving picture galleries. With Arthur he is now a highly successful photographer at Ypsilanti, Michigan.

MARY ELIZABETH CAMP

the seventh born

Mary's earlier years were spent on the farm in Midland, Michigan. As she grew up she stayed with Laura in St. Paul, Minnesota, for a protracted time. She is now employed in the printing industry and resides at Ypsilanti, Michigan.

I remember Mary for her sweet and charitable disposition.

ERNEST CLIFFORD CAMP

the eighth born

In spite of the handicaps inflicted on farmer lads, Ernest was able to continue his education until he graduated from Midland High School. Inclined toward mechanical activities, he has continued to the present time in the employ of the Dow Chemical Company at Midland.

His hobby is fishing and hunting. Honest, conscientious, and forbearing, his admirable qualities would suggest him as the ideal for citizenship.



Camp



LEE AT 18 YEARS OF AGE.

GEORGE LEE CAMP

I WAS born in the old home in Homer Township, Midland County, Michigan, June 11, 1882. I was the first child born in the house, Arthur, Cyrus, Mary, and Ernest following in order.

My earliest recollection concerns the episode of Cousin May Peckham leading me about by the hand. I must have been between three and four years old at the time. Then, too, comes the memory of my mother whispering to me that before long I would no longer be the baby in the family. Her reference was to the coming of Brother Arthur.

My experiences as a tiny tot to school age doubtless were those of any normal child born into a family of hard-working folk on a poor Michigan farm in the early eighties. Henry was eight years old when I arrived, and performed the usual farm chores and helped father about the place. As soon as I was able, it became my part to help Henry, and as I grew I was required to take upon myself additional tasks.

As I look back to those early days, I realize little of our time was consumed in play. Toys that are so much a part of a child's life today were unknown to us. As a matter of fact, they were not available, and if they could have been obtained, there was too small a supply of money from which to purchase them.

I remember my desire for a gun. Henry owned one, and later Cyrus possessed one, doubtless over the objections of father, to whom hunting held no interest. Lack of a gun, however, did not altogether stint my desire to hunt, for on occasion I would borrow a shotgun from a neighbor. Partridges were numerous, and occasionally in the woods I found footprints of bear. I must confess I never killed a bear, nor do I remember seeing one, although I clearly recall the incident of my horse snorting and rearing near a thicket where I noted fresh bear tracks.

By the time I was twelve or thirteen years old I was considered a good rider, and my daily task was rounding up the cattle for milking in the evening. With wide, open spaces abounding, the cows roamed a large area. Over the surrounding countryside, astride my bareback pony, I sought our herd. The fact that the hair was worn off the sides of my pony by my dangling legs indicates the many miles I must have ridden with regularity. The stillness of the late afternoon in the country carried the tinkling of cowbells long distances. Early in my herding career did I realize it was something of an art to distinguish the particular sound of the bells on our cows from those of neighbors, for searching through the woods, fording streams and guiding my pony around briar patches brought no satisfaction when the cow sought proved to be one of a neighbor's herd.

As has been stated, father on occasion worked away from home, generally at the carpenter trade. By the time I was

thirteen years old I did most of the work on the farm, for the great bulk of the farm work had to be attended during the growing and harvesting season when father would be away. Things would have been easier for me if some of the building construction on which he worked could have been carried on during the winter time. Henry at that time had grown to the age when he could work away from home, and Arthur, five years younger than I, had still to grow strong enough to do the more strenuous tasks.

Although only a small portion of our hundred forty-four acres was cultivated, the caring for crops was a huge job for a youngster of my age. Sometimes I helped neighbors so they would help me with tasks needing two men to perform. I shall always remember Thomas E. Surrine who was my principal helper.

In the winter time I went to school, and graduated from the eighth grade when I was thirteen years old. By contrast with present day progress it was a case of getting an education the hard way.

During my childhood money was scarce about the Camp premises. The produce such as we were able to raise, cultivating patches of soil here and there veritably hewn out of the forest primeval, was not marketed. The grain and hay were stored for winter feeding of the work horses and the cows. A portion of the yearly corn crop was set apart for meal for the table,

and there never was a large enough yield of potatoes, considering the size of our family of growing youngsters, to sell many of them.

I am not suggesting niggardliness on the part of father, or that I was an ill-favored son, when I mention the fact that only on one occasion did he ever give me any spending money. Wages were low, father worked only occasionally because there was little demand for his services in the vicinity, and the cash income from the farm was negligible. Well do I remember the occasion of a church ice cream social I attended in company with a girl of about my own age. Father supplied me with a whole dollar for spending money. Having been taught to be polite, I invited the girl to have the second helping. With ice cream selling at ten cents a dish, I spent the large sum of thirty cents. In spite of my great liking for ice cream, I denied myself a second dish, and regretted my expenditure of thirty cents for a long time.

The first pair of new shoes I had to wear was bought out of my own earnings when I was thirteen. Relatives would send mother clothing and shoes for the children, and I do believe we were as proud of these gifts as we would have been had they been brand new. A pair of long pants costing a dollar were the first new ones purchased for me.

Although my shoes were not an exact fit and were none the better for wear, I was filled with both pride and gratitude

at my graduation from the Eighth Grade, for I was wearing a new suit of clothes and a pair of new stockings. The neighbor who supplied these things was repaid, after the school term closed, in labor performed at the rate of twenty-five cents per day. Cultivating corn and weeding beets for ten hours a day at what figures out to be two and a half cents per hour has since appeared a very long and hard way to repay my indebtedness, but my new coat, pants, and stockings were paid for before the summer was over. The transaction completed, I asked for a raise in wages, and got it. My rate of pay then became thirty-five cents a day. It was a long time afterward I learned the hired hand paid me out of his own pocket. His wages were but eighteen dollars per month with food and lodging. It seems he suspected our employer may not take kindly to my request for a higher rate of pay and he preferred to contribute himself in order to assure my staying, since my efforts reduced the work he would have to do.

He was John E. O'Brien, and glad was I for the opportunities to extend favors to him before his death about twelve years ago. It seems that in some way he associated my middle name, Lee, with that of the Confederate leader during the Civil War, and called me General. Even to this day I am still General to some old friends.

In further illustration of the scale of wages paid farm lads of the period, I must relate the following incident. I chopped

timber into four-foot cord wood one whole day, and consumed the second day with a small bob sled and a team of horses hauling the wood out of the forest to the road, where, on the third day, I loaded it on a larger sled and hauled it through the snow five miles to the Midland Chemical Company plant. I received in full payment the sum of ninety cents.

The four years following my graduation from school found me pretty well engaged about the farm. The crops, the garden, the daily stable chores, proved to be a full-time job. After the corn was in the crib, the potatoes dug and put away for the winter, and the harvesting generally finished, wood-cutting was the order of the day. Sawing, splitting, and piling up five cords was considered a normal day's work for two men when I was fifteen and sixteen years old. There were times when one had to work hard to keep warm. Cutting wood for fuel was not the whole job. We hewed railroad ties, shingle bolts, pail bolts, and chopped fence rails. Since the cash income from summer crops at any time was very small, many grocery items were paid for through our winter efforts in the woods.

At the end of the summer when I was seventeen, a Doctor Pringle of Midland secured me the position of night-clerk in the Alma Sanatorium at Alma, Michigan. The institution, I might add here, later became the Michigan State Masonic Home. Out of my salary of eighteen dollars a month I sent my father ten dollars regularly, a contribution that was of material

assistance to the family, considering that by that time Arthur, Cyrus, Mary, and Ernest had come along and were still small.

Acting as janitor, cashier, and general clerk from 6:00 P. M. to 7:00 A. M. every night in the week did not prove hard for one used to long hours and farm work, but I must confess I grew more and more lonesome and homesick.

The following summer I was employed as night-clerk at the Belvedere Hotel in Charlevoix, Michigan, with the large increase of income to thirty dollars a month. The resort was open only during the summer, and during the intervening winter I returned home and went to school in Midland. Making the trip five miles morning and evening, although when weather permitted I rode a bicycle, proved to be unsatisfactory, and I found work in Midland in exchange for my room and board for the remainder of the school term.

I came in contact with many fine folks while employed at the hotel. Among them were guests from St. Louis. At the time I did not even dream that some day I would make St. Louis my home. Probably these contacts to some extent influenced my ambitions, at least temporarily, for I soon found myself wanting to study medicine.

With this in mind, I went to Chicago the following spring, and there applied for enlistment in the Medical Corps of the U. S. Navy. Due to a technicality I was not accepted. It

was then I came to the realization that I was alone on the streets of Chicago with but a few cents in my pocket.

Aunt Mary, widow of my uncle by marriage, Colonel Avery, who commanded Federal troops in the battle of Vicksburg, lived at Woodstock, Illinois, not far from Chicago. When I learned from the ticket agent the fare to Woodstock was five cents more than the total of my capital, I fully realized the value of money. Unacquainted with the city, I remained in the Dearborn Street Railway Station until midnight, when a policeman ordered me out, and I was forced to spend all but thirty-five cents for a room. Early the next morning, without breakfast, I caught an elevated car to Blue Island, Illinois, where I took a job as a farm hand. After five days, and with my capital increased to two dollars and a half, I quit the job and made the trip to Woodstock. After my visit with Aunt Mary I returned to Charlevoix for my second summer at the Belvedere Hotel, and the fall found me back at Midland as a laborer in the plant of the Dow Chemical Company.

Ambitious for advancement, I applied for office work. Several months later I was rewarded. The progress was slow but gradual. After fifteen years I had advanced from a shipping clerk, working ten hours a day for a dollar twenty-five cents, to a position in charge of sales of insecticides, with a salary of \$1,600 per year.

From 1901 to 1909 I held several positions with the company, beginning as a shipping clerk, then a payroll clerk, after

which I was temporarily returned to the shipping department. After a time I was placed in the sales department as a sales correspondent. This change really gave me my first opportunity to develop through the close contact with merchandising and selling.

In 1910 the company added an insecticide department devoted to the production and sale of chemicals used in spraying fruit trees and garden plants. I was selected as salesman in this new department and shortly received my baptism as a "drummer", as the travelling salesman in those days was so often called. My territory took me from coast to coast. Many a mile I travelled over muddy roads with horse and buggy hired from the local livery stable. My salary was ninety dollars a month, with a very restricted expense account. Few items of salesmen's necessary personal expenditures were allowed on expense accounts of the Dow Chemical Company at that time. The many expenses accruing to the travelling salesman that are now looked upon as quite pertinent items on an expense account, at that time were not allowed, and the restrictions were enforced until I became sales manager of the company and insisted a more liberal policy, in keeping with practices of other companies, was an absolute necessity to maximum sales efforts.

I suspect I made good as a salesman, at least in the estimation of my superiors, because I found myself in a short time given full responsibility for the sales in the insecticide depart-

ment, and a raise in salary to \$1,600 per year. As time went on I was given my choice of accepting an advance in salary of twenty-five dollars a month, or a commission of one percent on the net profits of the department. In the way of a bonus, the increase was to be retroactive to include the previous year. To me my decision in the matter was of great moment. If I decided to accept the salary increase I was assured of a raise of three hundred dollars. If I accepted the commission on net profits of the department, my increase in income would be affected materially by variations of costs of raw material and manufacture. Since I could in no way regulate the buying of raw product or control cost of manufacture, I finally decided the definite increase of twenty-five dollars per month was best.

At the end of the fiscal year the net profits of the department were \$30,000, but the net profits of the following year rose to \$50,000. Although my decision under the circumstances was not to my advantage, I never regretted it, because I contended it was the result of sound judgment.

By the end of my sixth year in the insecticide department I had risen to the top position, both in rank and income. I could see further advancement required a radical change, and I announced my desire for transfer to the general sales department. Efforts to discourage this change were put forth. Officials of the company wanted me to remain in the insecticide

department, but I was finally rewarded with a sales job in the general department, which I held only a year before I became sales manager of the company.

This promotion occurred in 1917, after this country went to war with Germany. I was thirty-five years of age, Lester was six years old and Harper nearly three. As the sales manager of a chemical manufacturing company, I found myself during the greater part of the war located in Washington, D. C. My wife and the boys remained in Midland, and I saw little of them during this trying year. Not only was I separated from my family for months at a time, but my work demanded the most careful attention. Our country was in a state of war. Nervous tension reigned among all of us anxious to win and end it.

For the successful prosecution of the war it seemed the War Department required a variety of chemicals everywhere. The setting up of arbitrary industrial control, seemingly necessary under the circumstances, multiplied our problems as chemical manufacturers in our efforts to do our patriotic duty as we saw it. On occasion it was suggested that we industrial representatives in Washington enjoyed a rollicking good time while there, but if that were true in some instances, I was definitely within the class too enveloped with business matters even to observe outside activities.

The Dow Chemical Company, when the war was over, found reconstruction imposed upon it. It had been extended

and measured to fit wartime conditions. Our sales force was disrupted, and really that did not matter because we had practically no products suitable for sale. Out of the wreckage, as one might say, we had to rebuild a new organization. My eighteen years of association with the company gave me a leading part in the reconstruction. It was during this period that I became intimately acquainted with Dr. Herbert H. Dow, president of the company. I believe I enjoyed his confidence, and we worked together in harmony. As time went on and business expanded, Dr. Dow gradually took less and less interest in sales. As his interest diminished, other forces with which I was not in accord had opportunity to develop, and the pleasure I had been in the habit of reaping from my work ceased. Responsibilities and details increased, but my future became obscured.

No longer getting the joy of accomplishment from my work, more and more finding my daily tasks a drudgery, constantly disturbed with even the smallest of problems, I took a leave of absence in June, 1929. Taking Lester with me, I went to the wilds of Canada. I had regained my health after two months and we returned to Midland, but each mile travelled I was confident brought me that much nearer to an unsatisfactory and impossible situation. I announced my readiness to take up my duties, but for the life of me could not bring myself to do so. Although I anticipated continuing my association with the company, I resigned as sales manager, and more fully to recuperate my health and strength I took a protracted

trip, spending several months in Florida, and finally returning by way of the Panama Canal and California.

Back home in Midland in May, 1930, I felt completely recovered, but my welcome from Dr. Dow and others at the plant was quite indifferent, and in spite of my twenty-eight years of service with the company I was offered a minor position I found it impossible to accept.

Along the path of life I have made some friends, and among them is Mr. Edgar M. Queeny, president of Monsanto Chemical Company, St. Louis, Mo. On July 5, 1930, I became assistant to the president of his company. A few months later I was chosen vice president, and some time later became a director, with my interests continuing to be primarily with sales.

I cannot bring myself to a close in this sketch of my life without definite reference to Mr. Queeny, my friend whom I admire and esteem. His outstanding qualities of leadership bring out my highest respect. His spirit of mutual helpfulness makes for a reciprocal determination by those around him to devote themselves to greatest accomplishment. His humanity is ever asserting itself, making it a pleasure to work with him.

Needless to say, my nearly eight years in Saint Louis, in my association with Mr. Queeny and the Monsanto Chemical Company, bring one regret. My departure from my former connection should not have been delayed so long.

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I also acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. W. S. Camp, whom I found to be a distant relative of ours. He made a very careful study of the genealogy of the Camp Family from the arrival of Nicholas Camp in America in 1630.

Acknowledgment, too, of my indebtedness to Mrs. May Wickhem of Adrian, Michigan, who was a niece of my father, must be here set forth. It was from her I received our family tree that proved itself so valuable in closing gaps in the information I collected.

SCHEDIASM

ONE of my purposes in preparing this volume is to present my children a rather sketchy commentary on the Camp Family, and I believe that in closing I should jot down for their consideration some of my conclusions drawn from fifty-five years of living. There may be preachment in what is to follow, but success in life must be predicated on thinking and doing what is right, and casting aside questionable things. Life, to me, will embody the height of success if I can leave to those coming after me some suggestions of living that mark propriety and indicate some of the pitfalls that may lead to failure.

My schediasm is intended to suggest these things.

CONCERNING THINGS IN GENERAL

As time passes, ideas change and oftentimes standards of life are torn down and replaced by others. New discoveries and changed ways of living, likewise, have their effect. What society endorses today may be outmoded and cast aside tomorrow. Life itself seems to thrive on an everlasting plan of change. Such a state of affairs would seem to offer hazards for one desiring to set down decisive statements concerning life, and, withal, there are fundamentals in life that never change.

CHAPTER 1

On the first day of the year, the sun is shining brightly, and the birds are singing. The children are playing in the park, and the old man is sitting on the bench, looking at the flowers. The wind is blowing, and the leaves are falling. The children are laughing, and the old man is smiling. The sun is shining, and the birds are singing. The children are playing, and the old man is sitting. The wind is blowing, and the leaves are falling. The children are laughing, and the old man is smiling.

The children are playing in the park, and the old man is sitting on the bench.

CHAPTER 2

The children are playing in the park, and the old man is sitting on the bench. The sun is shining, and the birds are singing. The children are laughing, and the old man is smiling. The wind is blowing, and the leaves are falling. The children are playing, and the old man is sitting. The sun is shining, and the birds are singing. The children are laughing, and the old man is smiling.

Brought down through the centuries is our family motto—*Veritas vera nobilitas*. That Truth is truly noble is just as surely a fact while I write as it was when originally uttered. There can be no compromise with Truth.

Sage men through the ages set down axioms that are incontrovertible. Many of these wise sayings are rules of life and inescapable. Some of them that come to mind I set down with no fear of successful contradiction.

“Honesty is the best policy.”

“Where there’s a will, there’s a way.”

“A fool and his money are soon parted.”

“Learn to labor and to wait.”

“You can’t lift yourself by your own bootstraps.”

“Into each life some rain must fall.”

“Punctuality pays.”

“The mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine.”

“Cast your bread upon the waters and in many days it will return to you.”

“Cast not your pearls before swine lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you.”

Much older than our Christian Era is the Golden Rule. I know of no religious philosophy that does not acknowledge and endorse the Golden Rule, although it is not always worded in identical terms. There can be no doubt that a great host

of the difficulties that befall human beings would be cured by the universal application of the Golden Rule. The trouble is, people don't practice it. We all appear to be in agreement that it is a good rule to follow, but we want others to follow its precepts.

ON READING

One of the greatest agencies for good and for personal advancement can be our libraries, but books must be selected with care. Recently, I visited a book store and inquired of an intelligent appearing young saleslady for three books of the latest popular fiction. On reaching home I read one of them and cast the other two aside. By any rational standard of judgment they were all immoral and indecent. They carried no helpful message and catered to low mental appetites.

Choose carefully your reading. Select what is good, clean, and entertaining, instructive and educational. Much that is trash is printed. Pay it no heed. On the other hand, literature holds so much that is worth while, one's lifetime could be consumed in reading that which is cultural and elevating.

Just as we are careful to have only wholesome and truly enjoyable foods in our kitchen pantry, should we be duly circumspect and prudent in selecting books for our library.

ON THE CHOICE OF COMPANIONS

Generally speaking, we do not select our acquaintances. Meeting persons is quite often a matter of chance. In the business world, especially, our associates may be thrust upon us.

Someone has said it takes all kinds of persons to make up this world. Much of success in life depends upon our mastery of ourselves and our circumstances. If we cannot select our associates as we can our books, we certainly can choose our friends.

Strive to emulate the worth-while qualities you discern in others. Avoid those who teach you nothing. Shun those who may exert a detrimental influence on you. You will find virtue at times in the most lowly, and rascals occupying high places and accorded esteem not due them. In cultivating your ability to evaluate the genuine worth of those whom you meet, you are developing judgment that leads to the more wholesome life. Friendship is a powerful element in life but it may lead to consternation if not developed with caution, because friends can influence our thoughts and actions to our own detriment unless our friends are of the proper sort.

Only too often I have heard it said there is no friendship in business, but I have not found that to be true. Business could not be carried on without it.

HEALTH

One who remains in good health enjoys the greatest blessing on earth. It should be guarded at all times, and by guarding health I mean one should live sensibly, giving nature a fair chance to keep the body in condition. Over-indulgence, whether in eating and drinking, or in other forms, if not im-

mediately, eventually will reduce body resistance and open the door for disease to enter.

Interesting to me, as a commentary on health, is the fact that hospitals have more patients in prosperous times than during periods of depressions. My suspicion is that many worry unnecessarily about ailments that do not afflict them. At the least suggestion of a pain or ache, they imagine dire results and speedily consult medical aid.

Disease of a serious character must be dealt with promptly, but constant worry over health is wrong.

My rule has been to consult a physician whenever so doing appears to be justified, and then to use my own judgment as to whether I follow his recommendations. In this way, I have been saved much worry and no little discomfort.

Sensible and intelligent care of the body is the best prescription for maintaining good health.

GOVERNMENT

At the time I am writing, there is doubtless more unrest in the world than ever before during modern times. Wars are waging in Europe and Asia, and unrest is dominant in both North and South America. Forms of government are being questioned. Civilization, it can be said, is in the balance. Nine major countries in the civilized world are being ruled by

dictators. There are even those who suggest this country is headed toward dictatorship, and as one private citizen whose ancestry has been foremost for hundreds of years in the march of freedom of the people, I must admit I am greatly concerned over the future of America. Self assurance, born of an innate belief that free Americans will in final analysis always work out their own salvation, is gradually failing as an antidote to my fear for the future of our country.

I have not lost my faith in a democratic form of government, the representative form of administering the business of the state as the framers of our Constitution implied. The government of George Washington, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson requires no revision in theory for a liberty-loving people. In latter years, there appears to be creeping in restraints and attempts to influence individual voters for the purpose of perpetuating a political party in public office. When personal gain becomes uppermost among public servants, and the welfare of the country is given little or no regard, decadence of democracy and the freedom of the people are in danger. In America there can be no competent substitute for rule by the majority, but that majority must suffer no restraint and must be untrammelled and influenced only by fact and sound argument in which personal gain remains immaterial.

Class hatred, to my mind the greatest evil in human society, has lifted its nasty head among us, and I am inclined to agree with those who charge this state of affairs to those

who attempt to retain one party in power. Under our present political regime, labor has thrown off all restraint and, aided by the refusal of governmental agencies in many instances to give protection to innate property rights, is blasting away to gain control of industry. The totally unwarranted laissez faire attitude of our government toward lawlessness committed by labor in many instances amounts to nothing less than aid and abetment. Under the present domination of one political party, bureaus have been established which appear to disregard the rights of industry entirely in regimenting workers, frequently acting with equal disregard to the voice of groups of workmen themselves.

As free Americans we should not compromise with the theory that each individual must work according to his ability and that his rewards must bear a decent relation to his accomplishments. Whenever a penalty is placed on initiative; whenever he who risks his substance and, through strenuous endeavor and native ability, succeeds in building a profitable business, is attacked because of his success; when the chief executive of the nation in his campaign for greater power attempts to dominate the Supreme Court, our bulwark against despotism; then, I say, there is reason to fear for the future of our country.

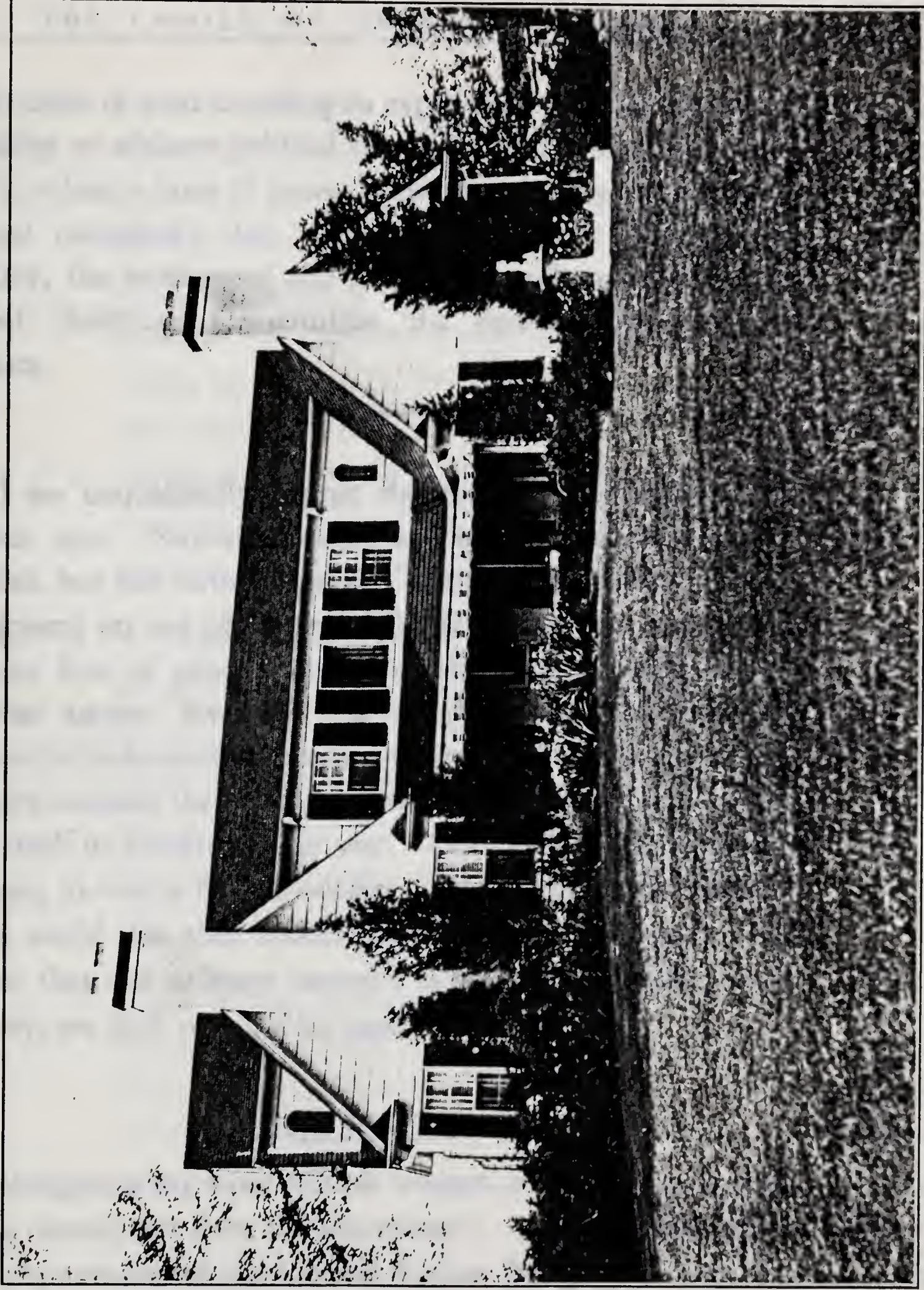
Every step that we have taken away from sound economic government will have to be retraced if we are to continue to succeed as a nation. The same lines of good management required in the successful operation of a business institution or

the handling of one's personal affairs must be followed in governmental affairs. Waste and extravagance in government expenditures can lead to but one eventuality—bankruptcy of the people.

It is to be regretted that millions of able-bodied men are unemployed in this great country abounding in natural wealth. Relief of these unfortunates in some form or other is of first importance, but there seems to have been dominant in attacking this national problem the allocation of public funds so as to serve political ends most advantageously, with little or no regard to aiding or even permitting industry to absorb those unemployed. A public debt beyond imagination has been incurred and is continuing to be piled up for future generations to pay, and increased taxes are being levied in such proportions industry is becoming less able to meet payrolls required if increased numbers of the unemployed were put to work.

At a time when labor is at unrest, lethargy seems to be encouraged among those unemployed. There is now a growing class of individuals thrust into the position from which emanates the attitude that the world owes one a living, and that the government will provide for those unable or unwilling to support themselves. The cultivation of such a class in a republic in which every adult, save incarcerated criminals, is entitled to a ballot, makes for still further uneasiness for the future of the Nation.

It is my belief that the future of America lies in the repudiation of our present political leadership, and accession to



HOME OF GEORGE LEE CAMP, ST. LOUIS COUNTY, MO.,—1938

public office of men unwilling to experiment with our heritage, unwilling to advance political cleavage above national security; men to whom a taste of power is not intoxicating, leaders who are not reactionary, but who, appreciating the problems of industry, the professions and labor, seek and can find in our present American Constitution the remedies for national ailments.



I am unqualifiedly against this country ever engaging in another war. National honor and integrity must be safeguarded, but the thrusting of this Nation into another military engagement on any provocation should be the very last resort. But our love of peace should not affect our building proper defences against invasion. As an American, and knowing America's fundamental opposition to waging a war of aggression, I cannot condone the theory that war will follow when a nation girds itself in preparation for war. Our best insurance against engaging in war is the knowledge on the part of other nations of the world that they cannot defeat us. Just as long as it is known that our military strength is so great to defeat us is unlikely, we shall continue in peace.

RELIGION

Religion is my most difficult subject, concerning as it does things unseen, yet none the less existent. A firm faith in God is a requirement of the normal human being. No one can

deny the existence of a Greater Power that directs the multitudinous happenings that so often appear commonplace. We know that the grass grows and we have learned what conditions are most favorable to its development, but what makes it grow must be answered by the word Nature. Natural laws—the laws of the Supreme Being—govern our lives and all with which we are surrounded. Atomic attraction, specific gravity, heat, light, electricity, and hundreds of other facts defy understanding. All of these phenomena are governed by laws, many of which we have learned, but we are none the less in darkness as to their causation save for our faith.

Religion is faith in God, right living, and an embodiment of the virtues. Much wrong has been perpetrated in the name of religion as well as great good accomplished through the medium of the church. Much sham exists. There is a great deal of difference between an humble Christian and a scoundrel, but be not deceived into thinking that they do not both sit side by side in the same pew.

Honesty, charity, belief in your fellow man, kindness and truthfulness are qualities that are as abundant in a non-churchman as they are rare in a church member. What exists that is worth while dwells in the heart (brain) and is not a product of solemn chants and meaningless public prayers. A simple faith and helpful attitude, combined with sympathetic understanding and honest dependability distinguishes the sound

thinker and right liver from him who discards Christian principles when the benediction is finished.

Man of himself is a mite and full of ego. Be humble, strive to do what is right, and trust your future existence and the welfare of your spirit to an all-seeing Eye that looks within.

There's many a foe conquered daily
That the world knows nothing about;
There's many a battle fought fiercely
Without cry of victory or shout.
They are fought by silent forces,
A contest of right against sin;
The battlefield is the heart of man
And the war is waged within.
Without the roll of the stirring drum
Or the bugle's thrilling call,
Without the noise of battle,
Though countless thousands fall,
Yet heroes are born and conquered
And the fight is lost or won.
No laureate wreath is there bestowed
For the victor stands alone.

—GEORGE LEE CAMP



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